

## My night is a dream for free

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# My night is a dream for free

by [AllegraMinor](#)

## Summary

Salma Lilith is a prostitute with some experience with Witchers, Warritt is a Witcher that needs some release but finding a willing partner (even paying one) is very difficult given his appearance. Definitely a Match made in a Brothel.

## Notes

This is a big fandom and I always choose the most random characters in it.

Bingo Square: disability fic (I definitely could make it better but eh)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The deal with the Madam was different from the other girls, her clients didn't pay for a fuck, but for half the night or a whole night, at the end of the week the amount of the money it's a little lesser for the Madam than the rest, but she took to herself to *take care* of the most problematic patrons, the rough, the violent, the extremely kinky-er. It's a good deal, the other girls can have an easy work (and work more) and the Madam is happy.

She didn't kill them, no, usually she can fulfill any dirty fantasy, the rough can't really hurt her and the actually violent would find themselves with terrible nightmares in the days after, some of them will be bedridden and weak as a kitten. Random things that were very difficult to link to a *whore*.

Perks of being a succubus.

Not that the humans know. The primary and secondary lust is more than enough to appease Salma's urges and she is a master in the illusion of humanity.

Her mother taught her well: the human shift must be always in place, the punishments must be indirect and a few days after the patron visit, the need to change to another location after five or so years, do not be a mistress or courtesan to the wealth (they are greedy), neither walk the streets of the truly poor (they are fearful and superstitious).

It isn't an easy life, but almost no one is.

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The water it's cold but the fall is uncharacteristically warm, and she washes thoroughly before work and in between clients, the last few nights were calm - a little before the harvest usually is, everyone gathering their strength and didn't spend many coins - and many rooms stayed empty, some girls are singing filth songs to one another the majority of the clientele is still working the fields or the shops in the town, and the few patrons already there only want drinks and ogling not-so-dressed women (or men).

So the sudden silence wasn't jarring, but *odd*, and part of the building's aura became tinted with fear. A difficult client. Well, at least she had time to wash.

The sound of the Madam's high heels was accompanied by boots, someone who is forcing himself to make the sound. Interesting. Interesting also that the Madam came alone to the washing room door, entering and talking very quietly. "A Witcher"

Hm. Not the first time, no, even if rare only two a year, sometimes three, and she almost have the same reaction when the highly scarred Wolf came, but this seems more... intense. "A send him to your room since you have... experience". That made Salma snort, "Yeah, don't worry M'am, I will take care of him". The Madam probably knows she is... something, but didn't care, she can do the job and bring money, that's enough.

Five minutes after Salma opens the room door and sees the witcher close to the opened window, the first thing she sees it's one hand glowing some magic, not fire but something that cast strange shadows in the walls and in the face of the witcher.

Oh, not only shadows, his face is marred by the most dramatic scars she ever sees, taking all the top half of his face, hairline to the cheekbone, well healed, no eyes, he must be blind.

A blind witcher, that's new.

Probably still extremely dangerous, but new.

She closes the door behind herself. "How can I serve you tonight, Master Witcher?". Probably he was not here for \*her\*, for the deadly lust monster, but she can be wrong. Salma opens all her most-than-human senses to him, she prefers to stay alert and alive. He stays silent and... undecisive, apparently, it's very difficult to read the expressions of someone without eyebrows. "Believe that anything you say, any dirty desire, I probably did it, you will not shock me".

"You aren't shocked indeed" he snorts, but something is pleasedly surprised deep in his emotions. "Anything?"

"Anything you are willing to pay, yes". Salma said, sitting on the bed. The bed has fresh linens and it's firm and comfortable. "Usually I work for a half night or a full night, anything extreme or that requires dispose of clothes counts as extra". He chuckles and Salma pats herself on the shoulder, he looks (and feels) less tense, not totally relaxed, but a witcher never truly is.

"If I say I want to put you on your knees spank you a little, and use your mouth and your cunt?" His voice is low and raspy, he doesn't talk much probably, the sound mixed with his aura and lust is like electricity in her spine and made her wet between the legs.

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That was not the response Warritt expect from... anyone really, no outside Gorthur Gvaed and it's starking, but he is good, very good, in adaptation - he would not be alive if the contrary - and will greedily take anything that is given and probably stole some more. He had to pay the Madam half upfront, he almost did go away when she said the only girl who would take him only accept half or full night, not a quick blow job or simple fuck, but he would not find anyone who was willing and he need to scratch that itch before become unbearable, it's almost unbearable and his chances of reach the keep before it it's slim to none.

The room is drenched in her smell and it's almost enough to block the smell of other fluids (washed, yes, but he's a Witcher), the stench of the town maybe it's a way to go: suffocated in rich lust. The only non-appealing smell in her it's faint apprehension, justifiable and not overpowering, and frankly? It's good, if she smelled only like lust and desire Warritt would need to be much more alert or would know it was a dream, delicious but unreal.

The door is closed but not locked, he knows a lock exists because of the little clicking noise of metal-on-metal when the Madam opened and closed it, and again when the girl came. Still sustaining Supirre he walked to the door and locked it, the girl made a sound, make a muffled snort but didn't say anything.

“Take off your clothes and knell beside the bed”, he said, going to the bed, “yes, master”, she didn't say it with the derision of humans when they say “Master witcher”, Warritt doesn't want to be a Witcher right now, just a man paying a whore, plain and simple. “Prefer Sir? Or your name?” She asks, taking off her... skirt? Yes, her skirt. Hum, she is attentive, he didn't notice that his displeasure with the word ‘master’ was son evident. “Sir is good”. Sir make him a little more important, a little more in control.

Warritt extinguishes the Supirre when she kneeled and takes off his boots and trousers, finally freeing his cock from the braiers, sitting in the firm bed beside the girl. Shirt, armor, and swords are still on. “Come here between my legs”, she came, on her knees, waiting. His cock is half hard, not only because of her position but her willingness, her lack of disgust, and the very faint lust she emanates. He isn't a kind man, he knows, the words know, but he can offer a little now, a recompense to her, a small concession. “Anything you don't want? Or that you hate?”

“I don't mind rough, Sir, nor bruising, but not permanent please, or blood.” That he can manage, he wants to come back in the future after all. “Sir?” she asks and he hums to her “Anything that *I* may not do?” Again, she surprises him. “Don't touch me without my word, don't come without an order.” It's the only two things he could think about because all about this experience is baffling, he really needs to center himself and a good fuck certainly would help.

First, he needs to attune his senses to her.

So he begins simply: touching her hair, it's thick and heavy, has big curves, and the faint scent of lavender oil and she relaxed under his touch '*who the hell relaxes under a Witcher's touch??*'. But it is... good, few things are good in life, so he may take all that he can of this. His cock is definitively interested and he guides her to his prick the sensation is almost too much, the wetness of her mouth, the pleasure in his veins, the little spick in lust from her, he *will not* spill like a green boy.

His hand never leaves her head, and he takes the lead in the blowjob until her mouth is full and he changes the angle to touch her jaw and feel the movement under his fingers, a little corner of his mind is still devoted to the alertness of the surroundings, but most of his minds is devoted to the here and now.

After a few minutes, he can't wait anymore and spill in her mouth and he can smell her wetness over his won salt-spend.

This is not a dream because he *doesn't have* good dreams.

“Up, on the bed”. He says after slipping - still hard - from her mouth.

“On my back or my knees, Sir?”. Her voice is a little husky. After... after she never has the option, because the few brave whores he takes to bed have limits, and the mess of scars on his face it's too much. But she offers and he has some ideas. “On your back, girl”. She lies on and opened her legs, Warritt comes over her, a few centimeters above her chest, reach one of her breasts with his fingers, and takes the other in his mouth. He is not gentle but doesn't draw any blood. Her taste is a little salt-sweat, her smell is rich lust, her skin is velvety and her sounds are broken. *Bliss*.

The girl's cunt is better than her mouth, and so slick that he barely notices that he is full inside.

He is rough, and bites, and takes and he comes inside her and over her.

She cries a little and moans, overwhelmed with the necessity to cum, but he doesn't allow it, not yet, not until he put her on her knees - he is very fond of her in this position - and lies over her, a sweet and pliant body under his, his swords on his back, all his remaining senses focusing on *this, now*. One of his arms in her throat, not constringing but feeling, the other between her legs almost touching her pearl. When he touches it, her high pitch sound it's almost too loud for his earing.

“Come for me,” he said, before biting her pulsing point, feeling the trembling with all his body, the tense-and-release of her muscles, the sweaty, the sweet smell of her release, so strong he can *taste* it in the back of his mouth. Still painfully hard inside her, Warritt takes the hand from under her and licks her orgasm, the actual taste of her it's the final pulse to trigger his last release and they lie back on the bed.

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They find themselves intertwined on the bed, not *cuddling* exactly, but too tired to move from their last positions, breathing hard, trying to come back to their own bodies, insofar Salma could think she thinks he must be uncomfortable, with his swords and top armor all sweat, she could not offer him a bath, but she has wash cloths and a basin of water in the other side of the room. But get *up* it's a tiring idea. Tonight she had the most delicious meal in *months* like a court chef's feast, she would not mind if he came to her as many times as he wants, even if being sweet and pliant usually wasn't her normal personality.

In a few minutes, she feels her energy coming back, taking all his offers and she can get up with minimal discomfort, the majority of their cum was absorbed by her body, but he gave so much and she also sweated and used a washcloth to do a haist cleaning, taking a second one to him. She feels his attention on her, even without eyes, “May I touch you, Sir?”. He asks to not be touched after all and probably he is truly low in energy because he gives a brisk nod and tenses a little with the sensation of water-and-linen in his skin.

“If you wish to come back to my bed anytime you are around please do,” she says and he laughs, really truly laughs and she counts it as a win. “I will consider it” he responds,

indecisive. Not in coming back, yes he will come back to this girl and this fuck, but he doesn't know if he will talk about this place to his brothers or make her his secret.

Salma snorts, she knows - she senses - he will come back, as the Witchers always did.

## End Notes

Succubus: shape-shifter human/demon, lust powers, emotion reading, can suck a man dead of life energy, but also can only feed on sexual energy, can appear in dreams/nightmares, and can use fire. (Mix of cannon and mythological creature)

As English is not my mother tongue, if there is any mistake (typo, structure, grammar), you can KINDLY point it out and I will try to correct it, but I prefer that there are no criticisms regarding the quality, plot holes, etc.

Thanks for reading!

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